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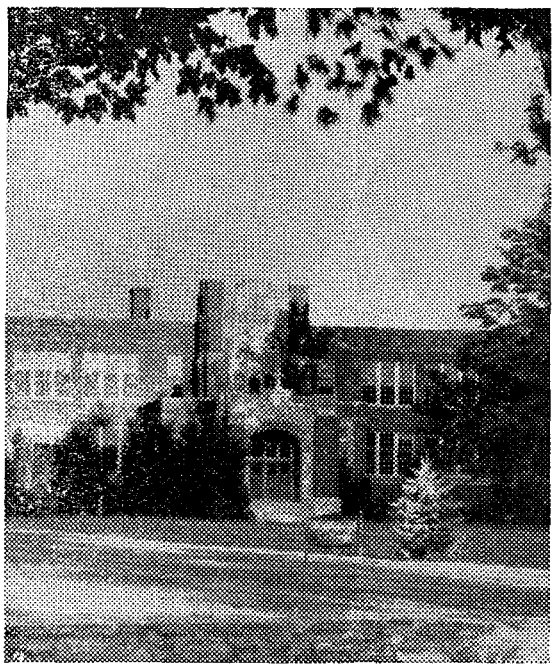

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THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

ANOTHER PEARL HARBOR?

HOW SAFE is the United States from a surprise nuclear attack? Reasonably safe, according to the belief that seems to be most commonly held by government officials and military experts. This confidence is not, of course, due to any faith in Soviet good intentions; it is based on the conviction that the power of massive retaliation possessed by the United States will serve to restrain the U.S.S.R. from using its H-bombs. In this view, the possession by the Western nations and the Soviet Union of thermonuclear weapons has led to a stalemate, a situation in which neither side will dare to use the ultimate weapon for fear the enemy will immediately respond in kind.

Most commentators on national defense—including the editors of this magazine—have implicitly or explicitly accepted this line of reasoning. Thus our criticisms of the defense policies of the Eisenhower Administration have centered around the fact that economy measures in recent years have made the U.S. more and more dependent on H-bombs, less and less able to fight limited wars with conventional weapons when and if the need arises. This point is, we think, still valid. But without disputing this thesis, three leading advisers to the Government have recently gone beyond it to challenge the fundamental idea that the existing thermonuclear balance of power has to all extents and purposes eliminated any real possibility of an unheralded H-bomb attack. Their position deserves serious study, particularly in view of the fact that Premier Khrushchev recently accepted President Eisenhower's suggestion for talks on technical means to prevent surprise attacks.

The experts in question are Robert C. Sprague, consultant to the National Security Council and former chairman of the Gaither Committee, the findings of which are still being kept top-secret; Dr. Jerome Wiesner, a member of the President's Scientific Advisory Committee; and Professor J. Sterling Livingston, a frequent consultant on defense matters for the Pentagon. Their opinions, prepared for a television broadcast sponsored by the Educational and Television Center in New York and reported at some length by the N.Y. *Times*, showed a remarkable degree of unanimity about the dangers we face.

Each of these three experts emphasized that in his opinion the United States is in fact vulnerable to a surprise attack by the Soviet Union. They differed only in their estimates as to the most critical period, with Mr. Sprague and Dr. Wiesner of the opinion that the period of greatest danger will come after 1970, while Professor Livingston believes that the years between 1959 and 1962 will be the critical years. But they were unanimous in charging that the nation's defenses have been badly managed and that secrecy regulations have been applied in such a way that only a few top officials realize the nation's danger.

HOW GREAT is that danger? Very great, they say,because the U.S.S.R. does not necessarily reason the way we do on the H-bomb. Our leaders are convinced, and have repeatedly stated, that thermonuclear war would be the end of civilization as we know it. As a result of this conviction, we will go to almost any length to avoid using the H-bomb, and we certainly would not employ it in "preventive" warfare. But Premier Khrushchev does not necessarily share this conviction, and we therefore cannot be sure that a nuclear attack aimed at "forestalling" the United States is completely ruled out of Soviet strategy.

If one accepts this view, then, it is pointless for people in the United States simply to reiterate that

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no one can win a thermonuclear war. Indeed, unquestioning acceptance of this idea by the West could even lead to H-bomb warfare, if we came to consider such a war so "impossible" that we let down our guard. The truth is that nuclear war would be irrational, tragic, suicidal; it is not, in any literal sense of the word, impossible—quite the contrary.

What does this mean for the United States? If we understand these three experts correctly, they think we should do much more to reduce any possible temptation for the Soviet Union to risk a surprise attack. In this view, we need to give more consideration to the idea of shelters for the civilian population, to a more adequate defense against incoming bombers or missiles, to the possibilities for quick delegation of government authority and for long-range dispersion of our industrial potential. In short, we should not be too confident that the threat of massive retaliation is a sure-fire deterrent to attack; instead, we should give more thought to the problems of preserving the nation as a functioning entity in the event of an H-bomb attack.

Such measures would be very expensive. Would the money spent on them be wasted? Every American should devoutly hope so, for the very purpose of such expenditures would be to ensure that the defense system thus created would never have to be used. But failure to plan now for an adequate system of defense could at some time in the future tempt the men in the Kremlin to a desperate gamble, aimed at the elimination of the United States as a major power. If that were to happen, the subsequent retaliation by our H-bomb planes from overseas bases might indeed prove to the Russian leaders once and for all that thermonuclear warfare is indeed unthinkable. That demonstration, however, would provide cold comfort for the rest of us.

All this makes grim reading, we know, and in some ways the entire discussion may seem out of keeping with current developments. Recently the conviction has been growing in the United States, particularly among religious leaders, that this country has always tended to overemphasize the military aspects of the struggle with the Soviet Union. This belief is, we think, quite true. But to err in the opposite direction would be a mistake at least as grave.

The fact is that the Soviet Union has always been prepared to use the kind of warfare that will best serve its purposes in any given situation. The United States does need to pay more attention to economic, political and psychological warfare with the Soviet Union. But while we give increasing attention to these spheres, we must not encourage the Soviet in military adventures by relaxing our own defense potential. Keeping a step ahead of the U.S.S.R. on all these varied fronts will take some doing. It can be done, though, if we will only realize the gravity of the struggle in which we are engaged and if we will accept the fact that freedom does not come at bargain rates.

INVESTIGATION AND REACTION

IN THE LAST SEVERAL months the House Committee on Un-American Activities has engaged in activities which have effected nothing and have uncovered nothing. More recently, however, the Committee, with the assistance of a couple of broadcasting companies, was able to show that it can still exert pressure, can still affect the lives and livelihoods of some people.

About one month ago a subcommittee headed by Representative Morgan Moulder, Democrat from Missouri, held another hearing on "Communist infiltration of entertainment." Of the witnesses called, eighteen refused to answer questions about membership in the Communist Party. Among these eighteen, who pleaded the Fifth or the First Amendment, were Charles S. Dubin, the director of a quiz show for the National Broadcasting Company; Arthur Lief, the American guest conductor of the Moiseyev Russian ballet; and Joseph Papp, the founder and producer of the New York Shakespeare Festival and stage manager of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Almost immediately after the hearings N.B.C. fired Mr. Dubin, C.B.S. fired Mr. Papp, and it was announced that Mr. Lief would be replaced when the Russian dance troupe appeared on T.V. To many people it will seem late in the day to discuss the propriety of such actions. The liabilities incurred by pleading the Fifth Amendment have been the subject of prolonged discussions to which little new can be added. We merely wish to call attention to what can, apparently, still take place.

Consider, for instance, the single case of Mr. Papp. He testified that he is not now a member of the Party, but he refused to say whether he had once been. (If he once admitted past membership he would, of course, have had to answer all questions concerning, for instance, past associates whom he might not, in conscience, feel free to expose to the harassment of the committee.) Given his present artistic pursuits, there would seem to be little

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opportunity for Mr. Papp to engage in conspiracy if he were so inclined. And there is no evidence even to suggest the inclination. The broadcasting companies are admittedly sensitive to public opinion, but nothing indicates that such opinion would favor this action. Besides giving headlines to the Committee and jeopardizing the livelihoods of several people, it is hard to see that anything was accomplished by the hearings.

KIDNAPERS

IN THEIR LONG struggle against the dictatorial regime of Fulgencio Batista, Cuba's rebels and their leader Fidel Castro have managed to win a good deal of sympathy here and elsewhere in the hemisphere. The rebel cause seemed lost completely after the failure of the much publicized "general strike" of April 9, however, and Castro-sympathizers expected the revolutionary forces to be "mopped up" in short order by Batista's army.

The expectation has been belied by later events. The forces of Fidel Castro are apparently much stronger than Cuba's censored press has indicated, and the "fight to a finish" sworn by Castro seems once more to be very much alive.

One of the developments in this fight has involved the kidnaping by rebel troops of a number of Americans—civilian mining engineers from an Oriente mining camp and sailors and marines from a bus near the Guantanamo naval base. The purpose of this extraordinary maneuver is not immediately clear. Presumably the rebels wished to demonstrate to the world—in the face of the government news blackout—their complete control over the eastern province of Cuba and to exert pressure on the U.S. State Department to withdraw its alleged support of the Batista government.

The first of these objectives has been abundantly achieved. It is clear that General Batista's troops have failed utterly to dislodge the rebels from their Sierra Maestra stronghold and that Castro and his followers roam freely in Oriente Province. The second objective has not and will not be attained. If anything, the kidnapings and the attempt to influence United States actions by a kind of blackmail have lost for the Cuban rebels the considerable good will they enjoyed here previously.

Rebel claims, that the United States has supported Batista's campaign against them with arms, gasoline and the use of the air field as a base for government bombing raids, have not been substantiated and have all been denied by the U. S. consulate in Cuba. The latest justification for holding American hostages, that they provide protection against bombings by Cuban government planes, may have a basis in fact, but it certainly can not legitimize the capture and abduction of innocent American citizens.

Kidnapings and the use of hostages as levers in international disputes have become hallmarks of Soviet policy. Even now such a tactic is being used by East Germany to try to blackmail the U.S. into recognition of its puppet government. Fidel Castro's cause of "freedom" cannot be helped in the court of world opinion by a resort to expedients made notorious by the Communists.

POST-ELECTION IN PORTUGAL

THE DICTATOR of Portugal, Premier Antonio de Oliveira Salazar, had several interesting observations to make after the recent elections in which twenty-three per cent of the voters cast ballots against his government. He explained, in the course of an hour-long speech, that the reason for continuing press censorship was that "the problem is extraordinarily difficult and a satisfactory solution has not been found." To many people such a statement would suggest that the search for a solution was not intense, that, in fact, the continuing press censorship is part of the extraordinarily difficult problem. But Dr. Salazar's remarks were not always so cryptic. He indicated that the present electoral system would end and gave as a reason something which must have occurred to everyone who has campaigned for office: "It is not convenient to have an opposition party." And Portugal is one of those countries where the ruler does not have to be annoyed by such inconveniences.

THEATER, STOCKS AND BONDS

NOT LONG AGO a well-known New York weekly carried an advertisement that caught our attention—as good advertisements are designed to do. The advertisement, placed by a large—indeed, quite large—firm, was written as a letter and was addressed to a prominent—in fact, a very prominent—theatrical director. In an interview with a newspaper reporter Mr. Elia Kazan had, evidently, said, "Why fool around with buying stocks and bonds I don't know anything about?"

The point of the advertisement was in the reply which the firm addressed to Mr. Kazan: "People

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'fool around with stocks and bonds' for the same reason you 'fool around' in the theatre: to make money—and to have fun making money. Broadway and Wall Street aren't as different as you may think. Fortunes can be made—or lost—taking risks that look like sure things."

Well, we've never felt that we underestimate the importance of money, or the urge that some people have to make money. But somehow we felt that this large, well-intentioned firm was selling Mr. Kazan and, by implication, all other theatrical directors, down the river. However delightful it must be for theatrical directors to have a financially successful hit on their hands, there are, we think, other inducements that more completely account for their efforts. These inducements can range from the deep attraction of art to the more superficial but yet compelling attraction of the theater. And these inducements can operate on Broadway and off, and whether there is any chance of making—or losing—a fortune or not.

All this, we thought, was so obvious that it couldn't provoke disagreement from the most querulous of persons. And the firm *did* profess some awareness of the theater. ("We've had a look at your world, Mr. Kazan.") We considered the possibility that the firm was insincere in its show of innocence regarding artistic intention, temperament and motivation, but finding no justification for such a comforting theory, we were forced to discard it. No, the firm apparently thought that the love of money was the root of all activity. We are forced to conclude that the advertisement, although placed by a large, successful firm in a relatively sophisticated magazine, is merely naive. This singularly simple view of the relation between the theater and stocks and bonds is the kind of thing, we mused, that Europeans must find difficult to understand—and, for that matter, at least several American editors.

MUTUAL SECURITY CUTBACKS

AT THIS WRITING, the Senate Appropriations Committee has not decided on the fate of the badly battered foreign aid bill. Earlier, the House Appropriations Committee ignored President Eisenhower's repeated pleas for the full amount he asked for in mutual security funds and slashed almost $900,000,000 from the original Administration request. The President is surely no alarmist, and yet he declared that the House Committee—with its Democratic majority, incidentally—"has taken action that seriously endangers our security" and "will have grave consequences in portions of the free world."

This same House committee, seemingly unaware of the Soviet Union's recent and continuing efforts in an "economic war" for world domination (the phrase is Nikita Khrushchev's), has shown itself more than eager to appropriate money for purely military purposes. This is not to say that the Committee was not right in urging greater military expenditures, but it is illogical and contradictory to strengthen our military defenses against the threat of Communist attack and simultaneously weaken our economic defenses. When Soviet Premier Khrushchev boasted that the U.S.S.R. "will bury" the West, he was referring specifically to a world economic campaign.

Prospects for the restoration by the Senate of these House cuts are not good, despite the announced intention of Republican Leader Knowland to press for such action. It is, furthermore, a measure of the seriousness of these reductions in the foreign aid bill that Senator Knowland himself, arch-conservative and long-time enemy of what he terms "do-goodism," said that the cuts "are so deep they will adversely affect our foreign policy."

In the face of this unusual testimony, from both the President and Senator Knowland, the Senate Appropriations Committee appears unmoved. Democratic members have declared that the committee will probably not significantly alter the figure approved by the House. If this is the case, these legislators and, especially, the Democratic leadership in Congress, will indeed be "taking reckless risks with our safety."

CHEERS!

THIRSTY MICE, who drink as much as five times their body weight in water every day, are the subject of current Public Health Service experiments, according to a recent U.P.I. dispatch. In this particular strain of mice, ninety per cent of the males literally drink themselves to death, succumbing to a kidney and bladder disease as a result of their over-indulgence. (The females, incidentally, drink just as copiously as the males but seem to show no ill effects.) But what impressed us, in this day of predictability curves and mass manipulation, was the experimenters' conclusion that, biologically, the mice don't *have* to drink that way; "they just like to." There's a moral here somewhere, but we're not going to search for it.

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Challenge to the West

When countries of the West act from materialistic motives, these are recognized as a betrayal of something in which we claim to believe

by DOUGLAS HYDE

EVERY TWELVE to eighteen months for some years now I have toured the United States, giving lectures, answering questions, meeting people and trying as a trained observer to bring myself up to date with the American scene. As a commentator on international affairs I believe it is essential that I should know at first hand the country which today, whether it likes it or not, occupies the very center of the world picture.

My fourth tour, from which I have but recently returned, took me to some thirty American cities, from the Eastern seaboard to as far West as the borders of Montana. As usual, my sponsors included public forums, educational bodies, Catholic men's and women's colleges, Newman Clubs in state universities and a variety of non-Catholic organizations.

Perhaps the most fascinating side of what is always for me an interesting and exhilarating experience is the opportunity to observe changes in attitudes and trends of political thought. When I received the schedule of my latest tour I was interested to contrast it with the first I received in 1953 and to note the differences. McCarthyism was at that time at its peak. Most of America seemed to be preoccupied with the internal and external threat of Communism to the exclusion of all other issues. My agent had submitted a selection of lecture subjects to the various sponsors. Almost all chose titles which had the word "Communism" in them. Without exception, during the question period which followed each lecture, a majority of the questions were directly related to the problem of Communism and, especially, the danger of Communist subversion in the United States.

During my next tour just a few sponsors had chosen non-Communist titles, and the question periods reflected rather less preoccupation with the threat of Communism from within. Over the years the balance has gradually but unmistakably changed. This year the majority selected topics related to international affairs. My travels in Southeast Asia, the Far East, Africa, the Arab lands, Latin America, and my interpretation of the struggle for the domination of these areas were what most interested the lecture organizers. It was not that they no longer believed that Communism in America had been dangerous in the past, nor that it might not be so in the future, but rather that they were obviously anxious to broaden their approach to the problem and to find solutions to it which were immediate and positive.

Too much should not, of course, be read into this. The groups to which I spoke were special ones. They consisted of people who, by reason of their education and background, should be guided by their reason rather than their emotions. They were predominantly, though by no means exclusively, Catholic. But then so too were the groups I had gone to some years earlier. It may well be that they represent no more than a section of the vanguard of intelligent Christian opinion in America. But what the vanguard thinks, says and does has its own very real significance. They, more than most, should be able to help to form the opinion of the public as a whole.

I have lectured in almost every part of the world and I can say, without hesitation, that I have never encountered a greater anxiety to measure up to the needs of the situation than I found in America this year. In a world in which two mutually hostile camps have reached something approaching a stalemate, here surely is something at which we should grasp and upon which we may build. Those camps are, euphemistically, called the "Atheist East" and the "Christian West." About the atheism of the rulers of the so-called East

Mr. Hyde, author of *I Believe* and of *God's Bandit*, recently returned to Great Britain from the United States.

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there is no doubt. But there is a good deal less to justify the "Christian" label borne by the West. There is all too little which is distinctively Christian about most of our policies today. They could just as well be initiated by atheists and agnostics—as, indeed, they often are.

GOOD CHRISTIANITY, if we had the faith, would always be good politics. But this is one of those moments in history when, it seems to me, this is transparently so. In terms of world politics, the most important task which confronts us right now is to win the enthusiastic support of the vast, highly-populated, underdeveloped, neutral areas of the world. It is they who in the end may well decide which way the battle will go. And the hard fact is that so far the West is not winning even their half-hearted support. The best that can be said is that as East and West try to outbid each other for the good will of the needy they largely cancel out each other's efforts in the process. What is certain is that whoever else may be winning, the West is not.

Both sides know perfectly well that stockpiling nuclear weapons over the years, for as long as Communism and capitalism continue, is not the long-term answer. That way, if the struggle lasts long enough, lies precisely that economic crisis upon which the Communists place their hopes of bringing Communism to the West. The ordinary military and political answers are demonstrably no answers at all. Yet somehow the vicious circle of an endless nuclear armaments race must be broken.

To do it some dramatic gesture is needed. It must be something which can be understood by the people of the underdeveloped areas and which will gain their genuine sympathy and their respect. It must bring hope to those great populations who already live under Communist rule. And it must be on a scale and of a type that will capture the imagination of the people of the West, reawaken their sleeping conscience, restore their belief in Christian values and so open a way to a spiritual revival.

As a starting point we must be ready to try sympathetically to understand, instead of simply condemning out of hand, the position and outlook of those nations which try today to maintain some sort of neutrality between East and West. We must be ready to go to any lengths to assist them in the realization of their legitimate demands. And we must be prepared to make any sacrifices which may be required in order to make this possible. Our motivation must be moral and spiritual, not political, even though we should recognize that doing the Christian thing would almost certainly yield bigger and better results than are achieved by our present sterile policies.

An understanding of the causes of neutralism leads on to the whole problem of hunger and poverty and our own moral responsibility in the matter. Asia, Africa, the Middle East and, to a lesser extent, Latin America, are the areas most immediately vulnerable to the spread of Communism. The Communists call them "the colonial and semi-colonial areas and those within the sphere of imperialist influence." In these underdeveloped areas live a majority of the human race. Nationalism on the one hand and hunger and poverty on the other are the Communists' chief material assets there.

The politically conscious sections of their populations long for a genuine national independence and for the opportunity to prove themselves the equals of those who in the past exploited them and treated them as inferiors. There is nothing to show from experience that national independence solves any of their economic, nor even their domestic political problems. For the time, in newly liberated countries, these may even be aggravated. But their pride demands it.

THERE IS something tragic in the fact that after years of struggling to be free and having at last achieved their goal, the infant states of this mid-twentieth century are immediately confronted with a desperate and unpalatable choice. It is their misfortune to be born into a divided world. A titanic battle is waging and, even before they have found their feet, they are confronted with the insistent and often impatient demand that they must at once plunge into it and identify themselves with one group of great powers or the other. In effect this means that they should at once relinquish, in the larger interests of a troubled world, a large part of precisely that independence which they have fought over the years to win.

Their instinct is to resist such pressures and, rather pathetically, attempt to take up a neutralist position. Yet this is economically impossible, and so they must commit themselves to either one side or the other—or try to play each side against the other. The economic aid they require, the things they need, if they are to achieve equality among the nations, can—at least most of them—be had. But at a price. With every loan, with almost every gift, goes the demand that they should

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abandon their neutralism and associate themselves with their benefactors.

The young state which is compelled thus to choose may be forgiven for fearing the devil it knows more than the one it does not know. To the African or Asian, aid from the West spells association with imperialism, the very thing against which they have fought for so long. So every loan, every gift which comes from the West—America included—is for them tainted at the source. It is viewed with suspicion and received with a self-conscious determination to remain unbought, uncorrupted.

Russia and the Communist states are opponents of Western imperialism. Whatever reservations the Afro-Asian mind may have about Communism, this common opposition provides a natural predisposition to feel a sense of kinship with it. As a consequence, Communist aid achieves far more than Western aid, and we must expect it to do so for just as long as we permit ourselves thus to compete directly with the Soviets. What is surely required is that there should be a qualitative, and not just a quantitative, difference between what we and they have to offer and, above all else, in our motivation.

There are in the world today hundreds of millions of people who suffer from hunger. There always have been. But there is a new factor in the situation. It is this: for the first time in man's history we have it in our power, as a result of our scientific and technological advances, to make an end to hunger everywhere. For the first time, therefore, we have an inescapable moral responsibility to do precisely that.

I have seen children dying of hunger in Asia and it is not a pretty sight. It is something to remember forever. I have also seen aid being brought to hungry people. Very frequently, it has been American aid, for as one travels the world one sees signs of American generosity everywhere. I have observed that where the aid is administered by bureaucrats who are doing no more than earning their living, those who receive it love the so-called Christian nations of the West none the better for it. They take it, as hungry people will. But they hate the giver. They suspect the political strings that are attached. They recognize that the principal motive and purpose is a hard-headed materialistic one. This is underlined still more if the man who administers the aid project is himself a materialist or neo-pagan.

When aid comes to them from the Communist countries they expect it to be motivated by materialistic considerations. They know that the Communists call themselves materialists; our Western propagandists have told them so over and over again. So the materialistic motives of the Communists do not appear as a betrayal of any principle. Every sign of idealism and altruism is noted to their credit. When countries of the West act from materialistic motives, these are recognized as a betrayal of something in which we claim to believe. We are the losers all along the line. It is the materialism of the West that defeats it in the world-wide struggle.

But when the people from the West are prompted by Christian motives, these too are recognized and bring their full quota of good will by way of response. Anyone who has seen missionaries in Asia distributing Catholic relief will know this to be true. There lies the key to the solution to the problem.

IF THE WEST were to launch a great project for the ending of hunger and poverty in the modern world, the result, I believe, might well be beyond all imagining. It would need to include the construction of technical and agricultural colleges, scholarships on a vast scale, mass instruction in soil and crop improvement, the setting up of producers' co-operatives and credit unions under the guidance of dedicated laymen, and a great deal more besides. A super-Marshall Aid plan for helping the backward nations to help themselves, by every possible means, launched by men who were motivated by love of God and their fellow men would be understood and appreciated by people in both the developed and underdeveloped countries, and on both sides of the Iron Curtain.

For it to be on the size and scale which the situation demands, heroic sacrifices would be required. The nations of the West might have to be prepared to forego most of their own capital development schemes for perhaps two or three years ahead. It is surely along such lines that our Christian social thinkers, economists and politicians should be thinking. Such a scheme would be possible only if behind it, and driving it along, was a united Christian effort. The West has the wealth. I believe that we would find that we have vast untapped stores of human goodness, too, which would yield up the full quota of volunteers.

Maybe the first call to action could best come from the Church itself. As a result of facing up to its moral responsibilities the West would do something more than just close the door to Communism in the weakest sectors of our front; it would go a long way towards rediscovering its conscience and saving its own soul.

America is the leader of the Free World and, despite all evidence to the contrary, I believe that in the U.S. there is more latent idealism, more anxiety to do the right thing, than anywhere else on earth today. What America does in the next few years may well decide the fate of the world for generations to come. And within America, what Christians do will be decisive. I believe in the goodness and idealism of the best of America's youth sufficiently to believe also that such a means of breaking the present vicious circle lies within the realm of possibility.

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Readers respond to an invitation to contribute their views

The Public Image of the Church

IN HIS COLUMN in the June 13th issue, John Cogley discussed the public image of the Church and invited readers to send in their own opinions. Two replies were published in the issue of July 4th; representative excerpts from other comments by our readers follow. THE EDITORS.

* * *

Chicago, Ill.

HOW CAN CATHOLICS change the public image of their Church? First of all, by changing the private image which is in their own mind. I don't mean to say that there is not an elite among us who understand what the Church really is. But I do think that Catholics by and large do not. Whereas people outside the Church see her as a humanly established middleman, something which "gets between" the individual and Christ, far too many Catholics see her only as a divinely established middleman. They see her as a vast organization founded by Christ, over which the Holy Spirit hovers with watchful eye. They do not see her as the Body of Christ with the Holy Spirit living deep within her and in all her parts. They see her teachings as things which had to be learned in school and believed firmly, but which are better left alone and not explored. . . .

Why don't Catholics explain to their friends outside the Church that the Church is, first of all, Christ giving worship to His Father, that we join with Him as our Head in offering Christ's death to God when we offer Mass as members of the Body of Christ, the family of God? Because they don't realize this tremendous fact themselves. Only last week one of our parishioners explained to me why he could not sing with the rest of the congregation at High Mass—he had his prayers to say!

Why don't Catholics tell others about the wonders of the life of grace and the life-giving sacraments through which Christ Himself acts? Because they themselves do not appreciate the treasures that are theirs. Mortal sin is not, in their minds, an unthinkable destroying of the divine life, a separation of oneself from God, our loving Father. It is a spot on the soul requiring a supernatural detergent, which can be found in the sacrament of penance, provided the shopping is finished in time. Marriage outside the Church is a misdemeanor which carries with it a penalty, like a foul in a basketball game; you can't receive the sacraments thereafter for some technical reason or other.

Are these exceptional attitudes? I am afraid not. I fully realize that there are many well instructed Catholics who love and appreciate the Church for what she really is. But the vast majority of Catholics, I think, see the Church as a huge bureau to which they come for service of various kinds, something holy and good (on the whole), something they would not want to do without (on the whole), but an organization, not an organism. If those outside see the Church only as a huge monolithic structure which they dislike or fear, most Catholics see her as a huge monolithic structure which they love.

And love it they do. That is the marvelous part of it. Even with his ignorance of the inner life of the Church and the full meaning of her message the average Catholic loves the Church. It is a tribute to the gifts of the Holy Spirit—the love and loyalty of our people. But that is not the point. The point I submit is that Catholics, by and large, cannot present to the world a true picture of the Church because they do not see the true picture themselves. And why not? Because it has never been shown to them.

If you want to see a description of a huge monolithic structure, study the Baltimore Catechism. You will learn all about the marks of the Church, but not the full meaning of the Church—not her inner life. You will learn that a sacrament is an outward sign instituted by Christ to give grace. But you won't learn what grace really is. (Incidentally, I've always wondered what an *inward* sign could be.) A nun who teaches eighth grade in a parochial school complained to me recently that the religion text she was obliged to use taught the names for the vestments used at Mass but not the meaning of the Mass itself. The same text teaches all about the necessity for a sponsor at Confirmation, but not the meaning of the sacrament nor its tremendous importance in modern life—nothing about the mission of the Church, nothing about witnessing Christ, nothing about the lay apostolate.

If we want Catholics to give the world a picture of

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the real Church, we must first give such a picture to our people. We must show them the Church as Christ showed it to the Apostles, as the Apostles showed it to the world—as a living, organic union between Christ and His members, as the fullness of Christ. We must present the teachings of the Church to her own members for what these teachings are: the joyful tidings of Christ's Kingdom, the good news of our redemption.

(*Rev.*) JAMES J. KILLGALLON.

* * *

Jersey City, N. J.

THE DISTORTED IMAGE of the Church is due not so much to what a few Catholics are doing, but to what most Catholics are not doing. There is a great Catholic body which may be altogether one and holy, but hardly catholic or apostolic. In speaking of the fitness of the Incarnation, St. Thomas says: "The very nature of God is goodness, but it belongs to the essence of goodness to communicate itself to others. . . ." For the children of God too, I submit, the essence of their goodness lies in *communication;* each opening his mind and heart and will as vehicles through which God can radiate *His* goodness. . . .

Perhaps there has been a kind of historical necessity for the inarticulation of the Church in America up to now. We are just rounding out a century of building, a century in which Catholics of many tongues were getting themselves established in an alien, Protestant, sometimes nativist society. It needed a rugged sort of discipline, in which initiative, influence and loyalty polarized around the English-speaking, college-trained clergy. In these preoccupied generations, articulation by the laity atrophied. While Babylon asked songs of us, we hung up our harps (Ps. 136). The American Church was something like a boarded-up store, "Closed For Alterations." There were some important capital improvements going on inside, but external commerce was suspended. Apostolically, the Church Militant was pinned down to a holding action; when Catholics did feel compelled to speak out, it was almost always on points of contradiction.

Now, however, there are signs of increasing rapport between the Church and the American community. Catching the notice of outsiders are such things as the reanimation of the Sacred Liturgy, a quickening of family spirituality, a new Catholic intellectual glow, a discernible drift toward competency in the Catholic press and, at a few points anyway, a deepening interior spirituality. And it's all making sense.

Yet, for the most part, Catholics have not elected to meet their fellow Americans on the terms of *their* best aspirations, or through channels familiar to *them.*

Institutionally, for instance, the Church has palpably neglected the mass-communications techniques newly developed by the public relations professionals. The Church is not in touch with *all* of its publics. . . .

The very first part of communication is comprehension. We cannot communicate an idea before we can define it, and for Catholics in varied, changing circumstances, this is a special, continuous duty. Definition issues from reflection and this, in turn, from a sound soul-life. Each must strike an effective, communicative rhythm of withdrawal and engagement. No matter how we look at it, it seems that this matter of communication always reaches back to the heart and mind of Christ.

Among the first things we shall have to define, as a practical matter, are such simple terms as "laity" and "clergy" and cease confusing their functions. Most urgently, the laity must be orientated toward its direct engagement in the world, its commitment to the secular, and the continuing incarnation of the Word.

Which suggests another ellipsis in our communications.

The straits of the Counter-Reformation are still upon us. Catholics have a vague scruple about saying anything that "sounds Protestant." Accordingly, we hesitate to speak directly from the body of revelation. "God is Love" in the Douay Version as well as in the King James, but we hardly ever hear Catholics tell of it. In mixed company, anyway. The fact that much of God's revealed Word is shared by all the Judeo-Christian congregations urges that it be a junction at which to begin a meaningful dialogue.

Instead of forever seeming to be "against" just about everything, Catholics ought to seek out all the points of agreement. . . . St. Thomas says that love moves outward first through peace, its stability, and then through joy, its illumination. . . .

EDWARD J. SULLIVAN.

* * *

New York, N. Y.

THE CHALLENGE confronting American Catholics is to make the wondrous reality of Catholicism so manifest that no person of good will can entertain a grotesquely distorted image of the Church. The best possible public relations for the Church is the Church living Her life in all the plentitude of Her being. When anything less than that prevails, the Church caricatures Herself. . . .

Every time a priest preaches a poor sermon he caricatures the Church. Any Catholic book, magazine or newspaper which contains writing that stems from shoddy thinking, bad temper, or coldness of heart besmirches the Church's image. When Catholics utter words whose aim is to propagandize, rather than to communicate personal conviction, they disfigure the Mystical Body of Christ. . . .

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If we Catholics want our fellow Americans to see the Light and Love dwelling at the very heart of the Church, then we must image forth that Light and Love. If we lack that Light and Love, we cannot, of course, image it forth. One draws no water from a dry well. . . .

Specifically, what can be done to image forth that Light and Love?

Promote a program of cultural exchange at the college and university level between Catholic and non-Catholic students. There might, for example, be an exchange program between Fordham and Columbia, Mount St. Vincent and Holyoke. St. Mary's and Stanford. Students and faculty members would meet not to propagandize but to discuss.

Make it a common practice to invite non-Catholics to speak at Communion breakfasts, before lay apostolate groups, at Catholic college commencements, etc.

If the American hierarchy in their annual Bishops' Statement were to come to grips with some of the urgent problems confronting America and the world, they would gladden the hearts of many people outside the Church. . . . Intellectual and spiritual guidance from our hierarchy on the world's vastly complex problems would serve to assure all Americans that the Church here is acutely aware of and vigorously responsive to the magnificent challenges confronting us as a people.

Adult discussion groups in which non-Catholics were cordially invited to participate would be another step in the right direction. Obviously, the subjects under discussion would have to be of interest to all the participants. Non-Catholics can hardly be expected to radiate burning enthusiasm at the prospect of discussing the liturgy, the Sacraments or medieval philosophy. . . .

Extensive and intensive efforts should be made to make the Catholic Press far more responsive to the realities of contemporary life. Many Catholics don't read the Catholic Press because, with few exceptions, it's not worth reading. If it were really tackling the problems tormenting men today, if it were shedding light instead of merely letting off steam, if it were truly universal in its outlook, if it were less didactic, and if it said the things that men are longing to hear, its appeal would extend far beyond the bounds of the visible Church. An adult, perceptive, truth-seeking, compassionate Catholic Press would be an immense force for good.

One final point. If we Catholics continue to dwell under the delusion that we live in light while all other men grope in darkness, we cannot image forth the Church in all Her insatiable passion for truth wherever truth is to be found. Ours should be the apostolate of appreciation. Those outside the visible Flock of the Faith can teach us much which we desperately need to know. It is humanity in its totality that embodies an ever-burgeoning awareness of Truth, the fullness of which will forever elude us this side of Paradise. God gives Himself to us through the agency of other men. If we go to our non-Catholic brethren as beggars and beseech them to share their God-given light with us, how then will they be able to withhold their love from the Church which is their Mother as truly as She is our own?

EDWARD F. MURPHY.

* * *

San Bernardino, Calif.

ONE PROBLEM Catholics face in a secular society, which insists more and more strongly that all values are relative to individual and social circumstances, is to discriminate intelligently between absolute and relative values. Often Catholics talk as though *everything* the Church stood for *had* to be, so that non-Catholics feel that there are nothing but absolutes in Catholicism. The Church's position against birth control and divorce is likened to its position against cremation and vernacular in the liturgy. . . .

I think American Catholics . . . are often insensitive to arbitrary customs that are offensive to non-Catholics (and to some Catholics, I hope). I refer, for example, to selling junky religious goods in church vestibules, to having "money changers" inside church doors Sunday mornings, to charging "admission" at some churches to Mass (I know you don't *have* to pay, but . . .). I wonder how many non-Catholics attracted to Mass by innocent curiosity never got past the front door because of these outrages?

I think intelligent and well educated Catholics have to mix more and more in the secular life of their communities. More Catholics than formerly are entering non-Catholic private and public school teaching, and Catholic scholars are gaining more and more respect in non-Catholic universities. I was recently a member of a seminar at a Methodist theological school, and the class very seriously considered not only St. Augustine and St. Thomas, but modern writers like Jacques Maritain and Nikolai Berdyaev. . . . But as non-Catholics

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are becoming better acquainted with Catholicism, can we say the same for Catholics themselves? Many of the misconceptions I had about Catholicism before my conversion I received directly from the mouths of Catholics and not from non-Catholics who were misinformed. . . .

As I look back upon my pre-conversion days, I think the most pervasive and the strongest influence upon me was that of my quiet Catholic friends who lived (and live) lives of simple sanctity and dignity. These were deeply convinced Catholics who were unhysterical about their faith, their Church, and the world. Their Catholicism was without show or shout. . . .

WALT DOUGLAS

* * *

Seward, Neb.

IT SEEMS TO ME that the Church's "bad press" is due more often to a lack of cooperation on the part of the clergy than to deliberate misrepresentation by journalists. . . . that the Church is often misrepresented because she is very complicated and the uninformed men of the press simply do not have and are unable to uncover the facts. I personally do not think it something unspiritual for an appointed official of the Church to hand out mimeographed press releases on the occasion of an important story involving the Church, just as other large organizations do. In fact, I think it a good idea that every diocese have a priest or well-trained layman in charge of public relations. . . . Now, when a newspaper story is filled with inaccuracies or written in poor taste, we can only feel uncomfortable and hope our Protestant neighbors don't see the article. Because now practically the only thing that we can say is that the writer was very obviously misinformed. But if there was an office to which the press people could turn to get information or check their stories, then we would have a right to call them to task for shoddy reporting.

A diocesan public relations official might also check the "letters-to-the-editor" columns of local papers and magazines and answer, briefly yet clearly, the accusations constantly made against the Church. . . . He could, in a word, be always on the alert to set things right, to let no false statement about the Church go unchallenged, to be a constant guardian of truth, explaining the Church with all patience and charity. . . .

A second way to present the Church to the people in proper light is by taking ads in newspapers and magazines. I am aware that the Knights of Columbus are doing this, but I feel the campaign should be augmented. Why not present a course of convert instructions in the newspapers? Run it as a series on "What Catholics Believe". . . . Use the catechism and let the Apostles' Creed form the outline. Explain the faith just as a priest would explain it to one seeking instruction. . . . In this way any sincere non-Catholic could find out the whole truth about Catholic beliefs and practices simply by reading the daily paper. I have, in fact, been running such a series of ads in our local newspaper and I have been stopped on the street by Protestants who tell me they are reading it. . . .

And why not take out full-page ads in popular magazines? For example, have a picture or painting of a priest offering Mass. Under the picture, in a few well-chosen words, tell that this is the way Catholics worship God, explain that it is a method of showing glory to God, and then state that everyone is *always* welcome in the Catholic Church, to attend Mass or just to come in and pray. . . .

In other words, I feel the means are at hand but we are not using them. What would St. Paul do today? I can picture him using the printed word, T.V., radio, every means available. And, in the language of the people, telling all what Catholics believe.

(*Rev.*) RAWLEY MYERS.

* * *

Upperville, Va.

I THINK the image of our Church should be changed from the "monolithic" structure which some people see, and apparently deprecate, but into something much more moving and forceful. The present day image of our Catholic Church should be more "dynamic," not more accommodating. Time Marches On, and we Soldiers of Christ should lead the charge. . . .

Should we have done something to rescue poor Cardinal Mindzenty, and others similarly persecuted? Shouldn't we all be more forceful and active in overcoming the current evils and in hastening the development of a better and more "neighborly" world? The experts say we're just drifting into trouble.

We Catholics have the best basic prescription for a worthwhile world objective. Why not lead the way, call for volunteers and even push the laggards? Onward Catholic Soldiers! What are we afraid of — criticism? An "opprobious death"?

The other night at a dinner party where were several descendants of signers of our American Declaration of Independence I looked around and wondered which of the distinguished guests would "pledge his life, fortune and sacred honor" for a righteous cause or a "new nation under God" today—and what his wife would say if he were thus to risk their present comfort.

The Church of Christ has been a pressure group right from the start. . . . What we need today is not just "hot air" but bigger and more effective pressure in all the right directions.

HAROLD D. MENKEN.

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When he received the Nobel Prize, few readers here knew either the poet or his work

The Poetry of Jimenez

by JACK E. PATTERSON

"MY INTERIOR life, eternal beauty, my Work." With this brief aphorism, the Spanish poet Juan Ramon Jimenez distilled the essential preoccupations of an illustrious career that spanned more than half a century. The fruit of the dedication implied in those few words was the large body of work which, in October, 1956, brought the seventy-four-year-old Jimenez the Nobel Prize for Literature. This signal honor was the last significant public event in his life. Two days after he received the news, his wife of forty years died, and the poet virtually withdrew from the world. On May 29th of this year he himself died, in San Juan, Puerto Rico, where, despite the efforts of the Spanish government to persuade him to return to Spain, he had lived his last years in self-imposed exile.

At the time Jimenez received the Nobel Prize, most readers here knew little or nothing about either the poet or his work. To many Spaniards and South Americans, this ignorance was a sign of incredible provincialism. Jimenez, in the eyes of many Spanish critics, was their finest contemporary lyric poet. In addition, his impact upon contemporary Spanish letters was immense. His disciplined life and lofty approach to poetry long ago became standards for others to follow. Most important, his work, assimilating the salient poetic influences at work outside Spain, injected fresh inspiration into the Spanish literary atmosphere. Working tirelessly, he produced volume after volume of poetry, working fine emotions into richly colored, delicately musical poems whose themes, language, images and rhythm helped launch a whole generation of young men.

Spurred on by the publicity which the Nobel Prize focused on Jimenez, a few publishers have been making his work available to English readers. Except for random anthologized poems, J. B. Trend's translations of fifty poems was long the only introduction readily available. Then last year, not one but two translations of his best-known work, the wonderfully rich and beautiful book for children, *Platero and I,* appeared. And Farrar, Straus & Cudahy brought out a *Selected Writings,* edited and with a penetrating essay on Jimenez by Eugenio Florit, with translations of poetry and prose by H. R. Hays.

These observations suggest how great is the gap between Jimenez' reputation in Spanish-speaking countries and the knowledge of his work in this country. Yet there are understandable reasons for his comparative neglect here. One is the difficulty of communicating Jimenez' special qualities in translation. The *Selected Works* is a case in point. Its competent, literal translations capture little of the delicacy, grace and musical efforts characteristic of Jimenez' poetry. Another is the fact that, despite his wide influence, Jimenez was essentially a minor poet whose restricted range limits his appeal. In non-Spanish countries he has been overshadowed by the more universal art of his younger contemporary, Garcia Lorca. But only another factor, the general neglect which, with few exceptions, has been the fate of Spanish letters here, can fully account for the widespread ignorance of his work.

JUAN RAMON JIMENEZ was born of wealthy parents on December 24, 1881, in Andalucia, at Moguer on the Rio Tinto estuary. In his youth, delicate health made him a "great friend of solitude." He painted, wrote, sent poems off to newspapers in Seville. A modest reputation brought his name to the attention of a group of young poets in Madrid. Yielding to their invitation, Jimenez traveled to the Spanish capital and took up a literary career.

When he arrived in Madrid, in 1900, Spanish intellectual and literary life was in ferment. As Spain approached the nadir of her long decline as a world power (the defeat of the Spanish-American war in 1898 was fresh in memory) two salient influences were at work. Some thinkers, probing the cause of their country's *malaise,* began to analyze the national character and institutions. Others looked abroad for invigorating forces to revivify Spanish life and letters. The center of this activity was Madrid, where two remarkable institutions, the Institución Libre de Enseñanza and, later, the Residencia de Estudiantes, attracted an illustrious band of writers of whom the best known outside Spain were the philosophers Miguel de

Mr. Patterson, a frequent contributor, is on the editorial staff of Business Week.

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Unamuno and José Ortega y Gasset and the novelist Pio Baroja. Jimenez became one of this group which was soon identified as the "generation of '98."

The young poet plunged into the new literary currents, which derived primarily from France. Of first importance is his friendship with the extraordinary poet who wrote under the name Ruben Dario. Born in Nicaragua, Dario had found his way, in the 1890's, inevitably to Paris, where he seized upon the new symbolist poetry then appearing, especially that of Verlaine. Excitedly, he set out to recapture the subtle rhythms, the striking imagery, the musical and sensual qualities of this poetry in Spanish. His *Profane Prose* which appeared in Spain in 1896 revolutionized Spanish poetry. Instantly popular among young poets, Dario virtually single-handedly brought French symbolism into Spanish verse, and founded a movement known as "modernism."

Through modernism, Jimenez encountered symbolist poetry, and the ideas of symbolism. Two volumes published during his first year in Madrid show that the symbolist influence was not fully assimilated. But by 1902, he was writing poems in which he sounded his own voice and rejected the formal aspects of foreign poetry while retaining the esthetic attitudes of symbolism congenial to his own temperament.

That temperament, sensitive, esthetic, remote, responded eagerly, for example, to the notion of Ideal Beauty. Jimenez has defined poetry, in a typically symbolist formulation: "A form of expression (like the musical form) of the ineffable, of what cannot be said . . . of what is unrealizable." Such an esthetic credo helps explain Jimenez' sustained effort to seek out new experiences, to broaden his emotional responses to them, and to find varied poetic forms for expressing his frequently elusive, fleeting or recondite sensations and perceptions. This effort takes its energy from Jimenez' need, as Gerald Brenan states, "to extend the limits of consciousness." "What distinguished him from other poets of sensibility" Brenan explains, "is . . . the urge he felt not to rest on what he had done, but to advance and explore."

IN THE WORK that marks Jimenez' first truly personal style, the short ballad predominates. These poems are mostly lyrical descriptions of nature, the countryside of the poet's native Huelva, resting, as a Spanish critic wrote, on "a deep landscape and a hint of distant music." Often it is twilight, or the moon is shining; in a garden a fountain murmurs; somewhere, far off, someone is singing. Jimenez' world is one of roses and lilies, of golden birds, crystal streams, dark mountains, solitary paths, of colors and odors, all half-dissolved in a misty vagueness. All this poetic apparatus is employed to capture an evanescent emotion or a fleeting state of mind, to evoke a mood of gentle, languid melancholy or poignant nostalgia, agitated by an occasional gust of passion. These ballads often achieve fine effects. The music, though faint, is enchanting to the receptive ear. The language is rich yet not ornate. Yet the narrowness of range tends to tire the reader after a while. The air of melancholy seems a poetic posture rather than deeply felt emotion.

In succeeding volumes, Jimenez began to dispel this plaintive note. His poems beat with a firmer pulse. His use of irregular lines and refrains reflects the folk-song sources of these poems.

God is blue. The flute and the drum
Are announcing the cross of spring.
Long live the roses, the roses of love
In the green and gold of the meadows!

Let us go to the fields for rosemary
Let us go, let us go
For rosemary and love . . .

Jimenez soon left the simple ballad form behind, the following books being marked by an increasing emphasis on formal structure, rhyme, and elaborate rhetorical statement. The tone of the poetry heightens, takes on a darker cast. The contrived melancholy has vanished; bitterness has replaced nostalgia:

Enclosed garden in which a bird was singing
Among the foliage tinged with melodious golds
Cool and soothing breeze upon which there came to me
The faint and distant music of the bullring.

. . . Before that nameless bitterness of failure
Came to garland my suffering heart with mourning
As a child I loved the nightingale in the clear evening
Everyone's silence, or the voice of the fountain.

About 1916, corresponding roughly with the date of his marriage, Jimenez' verse underwent a striking transformation.

When first she came to me chastely,
Dressed in her innocence only,
As a little girl I loved her truly

Then she took to adorning herself
With all sorts of finery
And I hated her not knowing why.

He described how his poetry "began undressing," until she

. . . appeared quite naked . . .
Oh naked poetry, my lifelong passion,
Now you are mine forever!

Abandoning rhyme, and all formal stylistic trappings, Jimenez then began to write poems in free verse, "naked," stripped of all ornamentation, direct, condensed, elliptical. He threw off reliance on external poetic aids, determined to pierce to the core of his feeling, to express a poetic essence.

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Intelligence, give me
The exact name of things!
Let my word be
The thing itself,
Newly created by my soul.

Under the impact of this impelling need to communicate, his thought becomes more rigorous, more complex. His lyricism is concentrated, and his effects achieved with greater economy:

All of autumn, rose,
Is this single one of your petals
Falling.

His poetry mounts a greater sweep and power, and in his last poems his thoughts turn obsessively to childhood with its innocence, and above all, its fresh vision:

Yes indeed, so it was, so it began;
That was how my child's heart
Viewed it when my eyes,
Opening like roses
Were raised darkly from those towers
Of my dream, set shining by the rainbow,
To the lofty clarity of a paradise.

EVEN THIS brief résumé of Jimenez' poetry makes clear that he is a contemporary poet, not a figure from some romantic past, that he falls into the pervasive tradition of symbolism in which most of the significant poets of the past half century have worked.

Jimenez read widely, not only French poets, such as Verlaine, Mallarmé, Moréas, Jammes and Laforgue, but German and English as well. He admired enormously, for instance, Yeats and Rilke. The poem in which Jimenez records his thoughts after abandoning an elaborate style for a more direct, intense kind of expression bears many similarities to Yeat's poem "A Goat," where the English poet writes about a similar transformation. Both poets, after cultivating formal, self-consciously "poetic" manners, needed to recover an immediacy of emotion, and to write a direct, highly charged verse. And Jimenez shares with Rilke an uncompromising dedication to poetry. With a total and serious view of the demands of the poetic vocation, both organized their lives around their work, drove themselves to extract every possible drop of poetry.

Jimenez' enormous role as a cultural force derives from the way he was able to absorb, adapt and transmit many diverse influences and remain a distinctly Spanish poet. His deepest poetic influences were Spanish. The readiest illustration of this is that he, unlike Dario, did not copy in Spanish the formal aspects of French symbolism, but consistently adapted his poetic aims to verse forms derived from both popular and learned Spanish sources. His early poems, for example, frequently suggest Verlaine in their success in capturing a fragile mood. But the octosyllabic ballad which Jimenez cultivated with such meticulous care is one of the most distinctly Spanish verse forms developed in folk songs since the fourteenth century, and deeply rooted in popular life. This folk element—with its vigor and clarity—saves many of these poems from falling into mere poetic *langueurs*.

The folk song came naturally to Jimenez from his birthplace, Andalucia, seat of a rich, Arabic and gypsy culture. But even when he turned to his more formal manner, Jimenez kept contact with Spanish themes and poetic forms. He steeped himself in Spanish classical poetry. His alexandrines, the typical modernist line, echoed the verse of the important school of ecclesiastical writers of the thirteenth century. When he turned to sonnets, he cultivated the hendecasyllable, the line of classical Italian poetry whose introduction into Spanish letters by Garcilaso de la Vega during the Golden Age stirred as great a poetic revolution as modernism generated five centuries later. In his last phase, Jimenez held fast to the eight-syllable and free verse forms. He himself commented on style: "I consider the most original and possibly poetic forms in Spanish those I used in my poetic adolescence, that I use now . . . the eight-syllable ballad, the song and free verse. The best Spanish poetry . . . old or modern, goes on these feet."

Even this brief account illustrates the profound concerns described in the short aphorism quoted at the beginning. Jimenez' absorbing interest has always been his interior life, the quality of his experiences. He toiled to give form to those experiences in order to "seize the eternal," to embody eternal beauty. To this end he unflaggingly devoted his life. Though temperamentally delicate, sensitive, withdrawn, Jimenez did not rest with cultivating an overly exquisite sensibility. Unlike Yeats, he did not want or achieve an "old man's frenzy." He did not accomplish the greatest poetry. But he progressed to write impassioned, lyrical poetry which communicates his personal vision of beauty. His career exemplified fully a motto from Goethe which appears in various forms in his peoms: *Wie das Gestirn; ohne Hast, aber ohne Rast*. Like the Star, without haste, but without rest.

TYBURN

The thistle blossoms and the thorn
In England where
The martyrs stood. The Unicorn
Lay slaughtered there,
His brilliance buried under scorn,
His heart laid bare.
His blood, the seed of life reborn,
Drowns blind despair:
The spine and thistle do not mourn
The risen fair.

JOHN L'HEUREUX, S. J.

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THE IMPORTANCE OF SEEMING EARNEST

THIS WAS a woman who sat beside me in the subway. She was reading headlines in the evening paper and commented on the news for a friend's benefit as she read. The Adams' case was all over the front page. "They are all crooks," this woman said. "You throw out one set of them and another set comes in." She did not bother about the details. For her Sherman Adams will forever more be numbered among the "crooks."

Of course the lady had no solid reason to count Adams among the "crooks." No one had even accused him of dishonesty. But that made very little difference. She was not concerned about the actual charges against the President's assistant. I feel quite certain she could not have answered three detailed questions about the case. She is not even tempted to study the details. Instead, in typical fashion, she received her scanty information about the case from tabloid headlines and formed opinions by the impressions they made on her.

There are millions of people like her who do not clutter up their minds with facts or let sober details temper their prejudices. They have ideas and strong opinions on many subjects. These ideas and opinions are received impressionistically, but they act on them with sure conviction and often with passion. They vote politicians out when they get the impression from tabloid and T.V. that the politicians are corrupt, even though they would be hard put to provide a bill of particulars. They will rally round a public figure who successfully gives the impression that he is incorruptibly honest or is a "nice guy." Violent preferences rest on such impressionistic classifications as these.

I am coming to believe that this kind of impressionism, in the long run, is what public opinion amounts to. The impression rather than the judgment is the basis of loyalty, support, prejudice and distaste. He who controls it, controls public destiny. The public figure, whether politician, artist, actor, or even ecclessiastic, has to be primarily concerned these days with what kind of impression he is making. Everything depends on it. A political candidate, for example, may have the best program around, but if he makes a bad impression on the public, he will never get an opportunity to put it into practice. A scoundrel who makes a good impression on the basis of personal charm may be given every opportunity.

Since this is one of the facts of contemporary life, it is easy to see why public relations is becoming such an important field. The p.r. experts promise to see to it that their clients make the best possible impression on the public. It is now clear to almost everyone that it is this rather than logic or strength or argument, that moves men's minds. So all kinds of people, from unloved millionaires to missionary groups, feel the need of p.r. services. Some people feel the need because their reputations have to be laundered. Others feel the need because they are sincerely interested in advancing a cause and they think they can sell the cause if they can sell themselves.

There has been much critical talk of late about "merchandising" ideas like soap. Actually, p.r. men set out to mold the impression made by those who represent the ideas before the public.

All their efforts are wasted to some extent on the "thinkers" among us. Thinkers are certainly not unaffected by contrived impressionism, much as some of them would hate to admit it. But they do go beyond first impressions. They consider ideas, opinions, programs; they sometimes even study facts. It is for this reason, I think, that the "intellectuals" are so opposed to the kind of campaigning that both Mr. Eisenhower and Mr. Stevenson, with the help of their respective ad agencies, carried on in 1956. The eggheads would prefer to base political choice on intellectual judgment rather than Pavlovian reaction.

I am coming to the rueful conclusion, however, that the battle has been lost. Eggheads still tend to speak of American democracy in the classical terms: the informed citizenry, the ceaseless debate, the sober judgment. But American democracy is now mass democracy. Moreover it is democracy tremendously enabled by the mass media of communication. Sight and sound are now considered to be more important than intellection. At least the successful candidates of late have put more emphasis on them. They have recognized that a public figure persuades now not because his reasoning is straight but because his teeth are straight, his smile is attractive or he has that indefinable thing called personality; he gives the right impression. The public relations experts guiding political careers have been shrewd enough to understand that giving the right impression is much more important than marshalling the right arguments.

The way things are going public life in the future may be little more than a struggle between rival p.r. men, fighting it out to make the more endearing impression. The earnest (and often professionally guided) efforts of some eminent divines to strike the most appealing public posture, no longer a rarity, is probably not due to egoism at all but to a realistic understanding that the impression they make may be at least as important to their churches as the impressions politicos make is to their parties. It has gone that far.

JOHN COGLEY.

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THE SCREEN

FUN IN ENGLAND

NORMAN KRASNA'S stage play "Kind Sir" was a bit of fluff made more or less entertaining by a first-rate cast, headed by Mary Martin and Charles Boyer. The movie version, called "Indiscreet" and also written by Norman Krasna, is still fluff but now very entertaining, thanks to Stanley Donen's extraordinarily handsome production and his velvety-smooth direction of a fine cast headed by Ingrid Bergman and Cary Grant. Miss Bergman is charming as a successful international actress (no ingenue), who has never married and who now falls head-over-heels in love. Grant is suave and equally charming as the object of her affections. A NATO employee in Britain, he has been escaping marriage in spite of his good looks by handing out a story that he's unhappily married but his wife won't divorce him. Ingrid discovers Cary's trick, however, and she decides to get even. How she does and what happens finishes off the plot—which is pretty thin—and strictly adult—but also very amusing.

Under Donen's direction, Bergman and Grant toss the bright lines back and forth in fine style, and are excellently supported: by Phyllis Calvert, as Ingrid's match-making sister; Cecil Parker, whose dry delivery is one of the film's chief delights; Meg Jenkins, as Ingrid's maid; and David Kossoff, as her chauffer who is hilarious when he poses as Ingrid's suitor in an absurd plan to pull Cary down a peg or two.

An American film made in London, "Indiscreet" is fun both to see and hear, and it illustrates well how a mediocre play can be pepped up by good cinema technique. It has attractive decor and wardrobe displayed in Technicolor; and Donen uses the camera skillfully in wandering with his characters around the city and in close-ups that are as amusing and revealing as the snappy dialogue. And the movie has merry scenes that the stage could not duplicate—like the long telephone conversation shown on a split screen, with Bergman in London and Grant in Paris. Or the beautifully photographed ball at the Royal Naval College —with Ingrid, already wise to Cary's deception, slyly planning her revenge and Cary, unaware that she knows, kicking up his heels like an enthusiastic teenager, and wry Cecil Parker, fed up with all this cavorting, saying, "I'm too old for this sort of thing—and I always was." "Indiscreet" may not win any brainy prizes, but it will win laughs from audiences who like their comedies to look good and sound breezy and sophisticated.

TWO OTHER comedies set in England don't have the polish of "Indiscreet," but they may appeal to Anglophiles just because they were made by Britishers. "Your Past Is Showing" is a mad crime-with-humor affair that tries awfully hard to be another "Kind Hearts and Coronets." Unfortunately, it does not have Alec Guinness, who was brilliant as the various members of the family that Dennis Price was trying so hard to exterminate. It does have Dennis Price again, however, and he has become quite adept at playing the utterly urbane bad man. This time he plans to publish a scandal magazine called *The Naked Truth* and make some really big money by blackmailing the subjects of his lurid stories. Among his victims are a T.V. master of ceremonies (Peter Sellers), a philandering peer (Terry-Thomas), a prominent woman author who just won some kind of purity prize (Peggy Mount) and a model (Shirley Eaton). Since most of the details of Price's unsavory stories are true, these four frenzied people work overtime first to steal his files and then to kill him. But they're so inept in their efforts that they almost succeed in killing each other. Some of this is funny, in a zany way, but some of it is both dull and tasteless. Producer-director Mario Zampi didn't put his film together very well, and although one may stick around just to see how Price will be disposed of, it's hard to care much for any of the people involved. "Your Past Is Showing" does have its amusing moments, however, the funniest of which is when Price's victims plan to kidnap the blackmailer and throw the entire London police force into confusion.

WHEN it comes to throwing established order into confusion, however, there is no one quite as successful as the group known as the Girls of St. Trinian's. Starting out in a series of drawings by Ronald Searle, the girls eventually turned up in a movie in which Alastair Sim played their headmistress. They turn up again in a sequel called "Blue Murder at St. Trinian's," which is full of unfunny slapstick and overdone jokes. No doubt much of its failure as a comedy is due to the absence of Alastair Sim, who appears in only a few scenes because she (or he) is spending most of the time in prison. Joyce Grenfell is a comedienne with a wonderful sense of satire and mimicry, but this good actress' talents are wasted in "Blue Murder." She plays the role of a police sergeant on the trail of some missing diamonds which are hidden in the school's water polo ball. When the girls go on a cross-continental bus trip to Rome, Miss Grenfell tags along ostensibly as interpreter but actually to do a little high-class detecting. This seems as if it may have the possibilities for humor, but Director Frank Launder, who produced the picture with Sidney Gilliat, never makes the most of them. What humor there is is pretty low and of such a specialized nature that it has little appeal for foreigners to the St. Trinian's lore.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

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Man's Image Projected by American Writers

THE IMAGE OF MAN IN AMERICA. By Don M. Wolfe. Southern Methodist Univ. Press. $5.

By JACOB COHEN

THIS IS a frankly tendentious history of the image of man in America. Today, he tells us, a "true science of man" is needed "more desperately than any other in the history of the world." If we are to avoid that propensity for radical evil, to which modern history has given such intractable evidence, and if we are to nurture the potential genius of mankind, then we must first know what man essentially is. Is he a formless and infinitely plastic lump of clay, molded by the fingers of his environment? Or has man an immutable, and hence limited, nature which is fixed by "genetic inheritance?" The biological and social sciences, Mr. Wolfe says, have not adequately answered these questions, and he suggests that we now turn to the wisdom of America's Ages, to the philosophers and educators, the lawyers and reformers, the presidents and poets, who have represented and articulated America's image of man. For only the "correlation" of humanism's random insights with the tested information of modern science can produce "certainty."

The angels will not quarrel with these ambitions. However, Mr. Wolfe's study is infected by a serious flaw in his fundamental conception: Since he will *initially* admit of only two possible definitions of man, one environmental, the other genetic, and both totally deterministic; and since he categorically rejects free-will as a theological ploy used to encourage absolute, and hence intolerant, ethical judgments; he is incapable of describing that testimony to man's essential freedom which is American humanism's most valuable message for the social sciences. Thus Wolfe gives us a Lincoln, stripped of his tragic dimension, shorn of his commitment to a fundamental moral law, and dressed-up as the crudest of historical determinists; he presents us a Whitman turned behavioral psychologist; an Emerson scolded for his "idealistic" view of man; and a pragmatism so sociological as to be divested of that basal freedom which constitutes its philosophic character. In short, Wolfe has written an intellectual history of America which gives absolutely no recognition to America's historical faith in the free and morally responsible individual.

But let us grant the book its virtues. The chapters on O. W. Holmes, Mark Twain, and Theodore Dreiser, all of whom live up to Wolfe's deterministic prescriptions, are wholly adequate. (Wolfe avoids discussing those twentieth century writers like Maritain, Niebuhr, Krutch, Lippmann and Babbit who have most profoundly attested to man's freedom. However, recalling the treatment given Whitman and Emerson, there is clearly little cause to regret this.) The extended summary of current scientific theories about the nature of man is excellent. Most important, Wolfe has noted and extensively documented the basically environmentalist bias of American intellectual history. Unfortunately, he leaves this insight undeveloped. Perhaps the greatest historian and poet of American environmentalism, Frederick Jackson Turner, is never mentioned; nor does Wolfe ever attempt to relate his analysis to some uniqueness of the American historical experience, such as, for example, the frontier experience or the immigration experience.

Indeed, considering his scientific intentions there seems no reason for Wolfe to have studied America at all. Presumably the new science of man will apply to men of all nations and hence should draw its sustenance from the wisdom of all peoples. It seems to me that in the final analysis Wolfe's use of history *qua* science is not only destructive of the American image of the free and responsible individual, but is destructive of the writing of national histories altogether.

A final word on style: Mr. Wolfe continually evokes metaphors which are not only mixed but positively syncretic; and his repeated use of hyperbole often borders on distortion.

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Of Grief and Joy

THE CHOICE. By Michael McLaverty. Macmillan. $3.75.

By JOHN F. SULLIVAN

IT SEEMS an irrelevance and an extravagance to characterize *The Choice,* Michael McLaverty's unassuming tale of an Irish family, as that pretentious thing, a "Catholic novel"—though the publisher's announcement that it is a selection of the "Catholic Literary Foundation" suggests that he will so promote it. *The Choice* is an engaging story, told with unobtrusive skill, and it is certainly Catholic at its core. But it bears little resemblance to the sort of thing we usually associate with the label "Catholic novel."

The bad old days when a "Catholic novel" was more apt than not to be a work of sentimental piety are gone, it is to be hoped, for good. But the label still is generally applied to a work which follows a formula—even though it is more often now the work of a first-rate artist. The "Catholic novel" of our day is an exotic growth in a totally secular culture. It exploits the melodramatic contrast between a spectacular Catholicism and the background of contemporary afflictions. The formula is well-tested and guaranteed, of course; sainthood is just what you need to set off with maximum effect the most sensational sins, as any editor of a Sunday supplement knows.

Many of us, however, have long wished for a "Catholic novel" that would be Catholic in the sense, say, of Chaucer's tales, so unselfconsciously that the author would never think of himself as a Catholic novelist, but simply as a novelist. (Perhaps Ireland is the only place in the modern world where such unselfconsciousness has become possible.) In *The Choice* we have, I think, an example of such a novel; neither the author nor his characters think of themselves as Catholics—or rather, they are Catholics in the same sense that they are men and women. It never seems possible that they might be anything else.

One result of this quality of *The Choice* is a universality that is uncommon in the contemporary novel. Mr. McLaverty's story of an Irish railway clerk, his relation to members of his family, and his dream of returning to his native village might almost be the story of one's next-door neighbors. There is just enough of Ireland in it to give it flavor—like the herbs in a good sauce—but not so much as to make it an example of "local color."

Yet, for all their universality, Mr. McLaverty's people are real, which means that they belong in their Irish setting and nowhere else. Thus, too, the Catholicism of the novel is real, though it nowhere asserts itself or becomes didactic. Indeed, the one defect of the novel might be said to be the one small attempt at a symbolic expression of a philosophic concept. There is a recurring image of a cancerous fish which grates because it is an unnecessary gloss on a theme that is beautifully illustrated by the story itself.

That theme is the mingled nature of humankind, the inextricable tangle of good and evil that runs through all of created existence. In the excitement of Mr. McLaverty's story, we may sometimes find ourselves regarding one or the other of his characters as a villain, but he never lets us quite forget that each is human, a mixture of virtue and vice.

And each must choose. Some of Mr. McLaverty's characters, like Richard, the ne'er-do-well son-in-law, choose, most of the time, the wrong way and that is why they come so near to being villains. Others, like his hero, Tom Magee, choose mostly the good, and that is why they seem so pleasing to us. In our human condition, we do not always choose with perfect wisdom, and Tom Magee's choice led to tragedy as well as happiness, evil as well as good.

But I am letting myself be betrayed into suggesting that the novel is more philosophic and momentous than it really is. Primarily, like Chaucer's tales, it is simply an absorbing story of the griefs and joys of real people. And that is a very good thing to be indeed.

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The Way it Was

THE BLOCKHOUSE. By Jean-Paul Clebert. Translated by Jonathan Griffin. Coward-McCann. $3.50.

By RICHARD GILMAN

IMAGINE yourself a French novelist—not a very exacting investigator, but still one needs ideas . . . In the newspaper, among the rumors of crisis and the character assassinations, you come upon the following: two men have been discovered who have survived for six years in a sealed-up underground blockhouse, part of the German West Wall system of fortifications. They are the last of an original group of six Frenchmen impressed into the Todt labor force who took refuge in the bunker during the fighting after D-Day, were trapped when shell-fire closed all the exits, and found themselves the possessors of vast stores of canned food, wine (but no water,) candles and matches. One of the survivors (the other being insane) is able to tell his rescuers something about the ordeal.

The book you produce is just what everyone can admire: tense, tough, well-paced, and horrifying in a way that the reader can easily neutralize by taking a brisk walk in the park. *The Blockhouse* is the sort of novel that is coming to command an increasing sector of popular fiction; its genre might be called "catastrophic realism," or the physics of disaster. Most of our war novels are of this kind, as well as those built around natural or man-made calamities: shipwrecks, avalanches, the collapse of a great industrial combine. Like all realist forms, they gain favor by shortening the distance between life and art, but they are marked by something new.

By proceeding from a set of limited historical circumstances they allow us to check their accuracy ("this is the way it was," a reviewer says about a war novel) and by removing the creative focus to an over-large event or scene they make pity and terror largely accidental, at the same time locating them at a safe distance from our actual lives. Not that literature can't be made from disaster; there are always works as distant as those of Homer and *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*.

But M. Clebert, no poet or allegorist, has the new rules in hand and contrives to neglect every imaginative possibility his situation affords. What he gives us is a predictably narrow physical and emotional account. His captives organize their cave-home, cope less and less successfully with boredom, fear and one another's smell, and decline into vegetative nullity. Two commit suicide, one is murdered by his homosexual partner, a fourth dies by simply rotting away.

Every now and then something strange and unschematic gleams through the half-darkness. A bicycle suddenly takes on a disturbingly independent existence, a man begins to explore the possibilities of friendship. But each time the door leading to metaphysics is slammed abruptly in our faces and we are back in the realm of physics.

Flaubert said that everything the artist invents is true. He didn't add that the reverse also holds: whatever the writer appropriates in order simply to polish rather than transform is certain to be false. On the dust jacket of this book there is a quote from a French reviewer to the effect that Clebert's characters are more terrifying and more tragic —because more real—than the protagonist of Kafka's "Metamorphosis." One wants to say (but not to the anonymous critic) that Gregor Samsa, as the apple rots in the crevice of his back-plates, terrifies us in his art-given reality the way the characters of *The Blockhouse*, with their flat, arbitrary, unresolved lineaments direct from life, can never do.

REVIEWERS

Jacob Cohen, a member of the faculty at Yale University, has specialized in modern social and intellectual history.

John F. Sullivan, a regular contributor, is on the faculty of the University of Detroit.

Richard Gilman has written for *Poetry*, the *Chicago Review* and other magazines.

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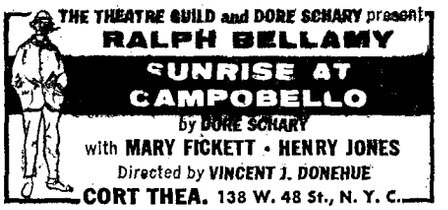
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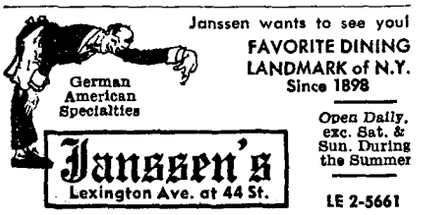
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